NEVER GROW OLD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care,
The crows' feet and the wrinkles
And the gray in the dark brown hair.
My wife looked over my shoulder.
Most beautiful was she.
"Thou wilt never grow old, my love," she said,
"Never grow old to me."

"For age is the chilling of the heart,
And thine, as mine can tell.
Is as young and warm as when first we heard
The sound of our bridal bell."
I turned and kissed her ripe red lips;
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my soul, my love, my faith,
I ever seem old to thee."

WILL THE CHURCH CAST OFF HER OLD MINISTERS?

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

"Cast me not off in time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth."

This Psalm was written by David in old age. David expressed his confidence in God, verse 1; he desires deliverance; he desires to dwell in God, he also avows his hope in God. He then takes a retrospect of his confidence in God from his youth up to old age, then acknowledges the goodness of God; he then feels truly grateful to God the giver of every good and perfect gift. In the language of the text, he prays, "Cast me not off!" The time of old age here referred to is a period reached by but few of our race. Looking over the many congregations which we meet, few aged persons are to be seen. Many are like the morning flower, only live a day. Every year of childhood is like the year of death. David says, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by any reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Solomon has given us a most striking view of the infirmities that attend old age, in the Book of Ecclesiastics, 12th chapter. Old age is often the period of suffering, disease and pain. Often old age and poverty are allied. This is often the case with ministers after they have preached for thirty-three years as I have, and some, many more years, borne the heat and burden of the day, having been a faithful servant for the church in our blessed Master's cause; having broken the bread of life to the people, and through his instrumentality many precious souls brought to Christ. It would be hard for the church to cast off such a minister or even a lay member, when his strength faileth for old age in a peculiar solemnity, they are in the evening of life's day. They are on the borders of eternity. With such the harvest is nearly past. They are like ripe corn ready for the garner.

"Cast me not off—forsake me not." Who can do without God? He will guide His people: apart from Christ we can do nothing. He is a present help in time of need. I said to a Lutheran brother not long since, "Well, my dear brother, you have arrived to a pretty good old age and you have spent nearly all your days preaching for the Lutheran church and now you are old and you have nothing to support you; how do you make a living? "Well," said he, "I will tell you. I organized a great many churches, and after I would get a church organized, and would take care of it until it would number from fifty to seventy-five and one hundred members, then conference would send some one else there, and I would have to go somewhere else and organize another little band. You see I have been pushed off in this way. Many of those churches organized by me are flourishing and pay their pastors from six hundred to two thousand per year. The Lord only knows how I am to make a living. If the church will not take care of their old ministers, God will not cast me off." It is true God will not cast off a true minister of Jesus Christ. He cannot do it and He will not do it. From the nature of divine love the source and medium of God's love cannot alter. From the example recorded in Revelation. See Jacob dying in peace; said he, "I have waited for thy salvation." Simeon said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word." I hope the Brethren church will never be guilty of casting off a minister, just because he is too old to preach any more, without being financially cared for. "Do good to all and especially the household of faith."

Hudson, Iowa.

Every one of your actions is rewarded or punished. We may not discern it, or if we do, are too proud to admit it.

We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every daye. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

GAMBLING IN CHURCHES.

BY R. F. MALLOTT.

This alarming evil is becoming widespread among the leading Christian churches of our land; and, as an accountable steward to my Lord, I feel to raise my voice and give no uncertain sound in protesting against this modern device of raising money for church purposes. I have found in my limited experience "SPIRITUAL RUIN" marked in blazing capitals over the altars of all churches who have locked arms with the unconverted to this extent. Let all who have the welfare of the church and the measures for good that she may inaugurate at heart *give*, not to gratify the clamorings of the depraved, through "neck-tie" parties, "lawn fetes," "baby shows" and the like, but do it just like David bought the threshing floor of Arannah. It was offered to him as a gift, but in reply says David, "Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer to the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." 2 Samuel 24: 24. Do not set up in the church the gull traps that under any other pretence you would unhesitatingly denounce. It will foster in your children an ardent desire to experiment upon a larger scale, and don't get frantic looking up causes, if your sons go down to financial and moral destruction through the medium of the faro-bank room. Parents are their childrens' looking glasses, and just like as not they dressed up for this trip while the parents were arranging for, and entertaining a "neck-tie" party for the benefit of the church. The people of God should be a sober-minded people, (1 Thes. 5: 8,) hence should not license anything within their organization that would beget levity, idle talk, and much less, idle work. They should plead with the world to give to the church what means they can possibly dedicate to the Lord; but they should not presume to give them value received in "fun"—works that should be condemned by a Christ serving people. The world to-day has too many Christians (?) who wear the uniform (profession) but who do not fight the battles of the great King. They want to go to heaven, but are striving to go on excursion rates.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

We need men and women baptized with God's love in their hearts. Too many go through the outward ceremonies of the church as a kind of slavish duty that shall justify them in the judgment day. Thus they will assent to anything, gospel or not, if it has a selfish advantage in it. We need Christians whose outward obedience is but a picture of the inward consecration; who pass through a new creation; who receive a new heart—of love; who receive a new nature—the divine; who receive a new name—christian; who recieve a new tongue—of prayer; who receive a new song—of praise; who receive new food—the bread which came down from heaven; who receive new friends—those who kept the commandments of Jesus. Such men and women organized into a worshipping body, will have no necessity to gamble in a white-washed style to carry on church work. Lord, save us as a people from this bane of destruction! Help us to be more consecrated and jealous of the sacred temples dedicated to thy worship.

North Liberty.

A Time for all Things.

Timeliness is as important as fitness. The right thing may become wrong unless it is in the right time. Look well to the time of doing anything; there is a time for all things. Choose the right time for saying things. If your wife looks wearied and worn out, besure it is not the right time to tell her that the dinner is not hot, or that the bread is sour. Comfort her—cheer her up. Use the ten thousand little stratagems you were wont to handle so skillfully in the old days to bring out the smiles around her lips.

If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth—shut your teeth together firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret, and many a bitter enemy.

If you happen to feel a little cross—and who among us does not, at some time or other?—do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over.

If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home, weary, from his day's business. It is not the right time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times—it is most assuredly the wrong time.

If he has entered upon an undertaking against your advice, do not seize on the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!"

Typographical Errors.

We have often thought of the energy with which some correspondent has jumped up from his chair and expressed a desire to whip somebody when he found a typographical error in an article he had sent to a newspaper. These errors are often ridiculous and always annoying. An editor must have a great deal of philosophy if he can become callous to them for they reflect severely upon his vigilance, and he finds no relief in storming at a proof-reader who may not always be at fault, and who at any rate, is not known to the public. And if one used to being pummeled until his hide ought to be as tough as that of a rhinoceros cannot become used to such blunders, no wonder that an occasional contributor should look upon them as outrages to which no man with any self-respect should submit quietly. He feels worse than he did when his professor at college cut a flowery sentence from his sophomore oration, for here is not only a mutilation of the child of his brain, but a blotch and a deformity put upon its very nose. He cannot believe that any other person's baby has ever been treated as meanly.

In this last regard he is probably mistaken. Typographical errors are much more frequent than he supposes them to be, but they are oftenest passed by unnoticed except by those interested in the articles in which they occur. Disraeli in his Curiosities of Literature, to which we are indebted for some facts on this subject, but from whom we must quote from memory, wonders whether an immaculate edition of any book has ever been found. He knows of none, although he cites instances in which attempts have been made to attain to this "glorious singularity." This he says is not strange when the facts are considered. A calculation made by a printer of Stephen's edition of Shakespeare shows that every octavo page of the work contains 5,680 distinct pieces of metal, which in a sheet amounts to 42,880—the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder. When this is taken into account the comparative accuracy of printing ought to be admired and *Errata* more freely pardoned.

Still an effort has been made in the different ages of the world to account for the errors of the press and some queer theories have been given. A pious monk in 1561 published a thin octavo of 172 pages on "The Anatomy of the Mass" and found it necessary to accompany it with an errata of 15 pages. He attributed the mistakes to the Devil who wanted to ruin his work. We should think his Satanic majesty would have best accomplished his ends by letting such a work go, but there has been a general disposition to blame him with interferring with these things. Secular editors have been known to elevate their profanity over mishaps of the kind in a way that left no doubt as to their belief of his agency. And there is doubtless some philosophic ground for this which we cannot discuss now. Certain it is, that typographical errors like other evils come periodically and in groups. Thirty years ago a number of teachers were boarding at the same house in Baltimore. In the evenings there was a kind of experience meeting, and it was found that when the boys were bad in one school they were bad all over the city. The mischief seemed to be atmospheric, as if the prince of the power of the air was at work in some mysterious way. Our observation has taught us that the same remark is true to the minor annoyances of journalism. If errors appear in one paper, it is an indication that they are about to prevail in all. And it seems as if the very fore-warning that puts men on their guard is destined to make their defeats all the more irritating. Compositors and proof readers will attest that their oversights are often the outcome of especial care.

Some of the most notorious typographical errors have occured in printing the Scriptures. One edition that came from the Clarendon press is well known as the *Vinegar Bible*, that word having been substituted for *Vineyard* in our Savior's parable. Another was called the *Wicked Bible* because it omitted the negative in the commandment against adultery.

Of couse every effort has been made to guard against such errors. Sextus V, carefully superintended every sheet of a copy of the Vulgate, and prefixed a bull to the first volume excommunicating all printers who would make the least alteration. When the work was done it swarmed with *errata*. There was an attempt made to correct the work by pasting paper over the blunders, and finally the copies were called in and great efforts put forth to suppress them because they enabled the "heretics" to laugh at the demonstration of "Papal infallibility." Other editions of the Bible, have been rendered equally conspicuous by errors not less glaring.

There have been great improvements in this matter, as in everything else. Care and practice have raised up experts who are showing great proficiency in proof-reading, but it is useless to hope that fallible men will ever be placed beyond the liability to errors in a work that presents so many chances against them. The late Mr. John Fagan, the venerable stereotyper of this city once told the writer that one million copies of Cobb's Spelling Book were printed from plates in which there was a mistake in the spelling of the first word on the first page, and this was noticed only when the plates were worn out and new ones required. A special effort made in late years to give the world a faultless specimen of typography proved a failure.

There is a natural disposition to find comfort in the plea that perfection is not to be expected, and that others have made mistakes as bad as any of our own. Sometime ago we were twitted because where we wished to say that an illustrious person kept a *diary*, the types made us say she kept a *dairy*. We found that the mistake was copied in other papers—evidently unnoticed by those most used to watching for errors. And when we saw that during the same week a contemporary had spoken of Dr. Prime as the *jewish*, instead of the *genial* editor of the *New York Observer*; that as careful a paper as the Philadelphia *Ledger* had given the name of the editor of the *Lutheran Observer* as Dr. Coward, instead of Conrad; that a young priest had been called back by his bishop from a journey because, the types made him say, he admired the *dames* of the Eternal City, when he only spoke of the *domes*, we felt that men who had experience in such matters would not be likely to throw stones at us. Still the mistakes of others are no excuse for carelessness or indifference. If perfection is not to be attained, we ought to persist in trying to get as near to it as possible. This we propose to do, hoping that those who think it easy to keep out all errors will some day have an opportunity to "try it on."—*Messenger.*

A Wonderful Dream.

A merchant, who was a God-fearing man was very successful in business, but his soul did not seem to prosper accordingly; his offerings to the Lord he did not seem disposed to increase.

One evening he had a remarkable dream. A visitor entered the apartment and quietly looked around at the many elegancies and luxuries by which he was surrounded, and without any comment presented him with the receipts for his subscriptions to various societies, and urged their claims upon his enlarged sympathy.

The merchant replied with various excuses, and at last grew impatient at the continued appeals. The stranger arose, and fixing his eyes on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled his soul:

"One year ago to-night you thought your daughter lay dying; you could not rest from agony. Upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started and looked up; there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed upon him with a cold penetrating look as he continued:

"Five years ago, when you lay at the brink of the grave and thought that if you died you would leave a family unprovided for—do you remember how you prayed then? Who saved you then?"

Pausing a moment, he went on in a still more impressive tone:

"Do you remember fifteen years since, when you spent days and nights in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven—who listened to you then?"

"It was my Savior and my God!" said the merchant with a sudden remorseful feeling. "Oh, yes, it was he!"

"And has he ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of him, if he, from this time, will ask no more of you?"

"Oh, never, never!" said the merchant throwing himself at his feet.

The figure vanished, and he awoke; his soul stirred within him.

"Oh, God and Savior, what have I been doing? Take all—take everything. What is all that I have done, to what thou hast done for me!"

Be decided as to what course you will pursue throughout life. Do not, without sufficient reason, deviate from it; and, though you should not become a distinguished man, yet rest assured your life will not be fruitless.

Happiness depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity for using them. And this depends so much on experience and self-control that the probability of happiness in old age is as great, to say the least, as it is in youth.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.